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is necessary to sustain a man in work avowedly unremunerative, a picture such as this deserves to be welcomed ; and it is all the more painful, therefore, when one is compelled to acknowledge that it is impossible to sympathize with the artist in his achievement. A picture, above all things else, must attract the beholder by its beauty of line and wealth of color. Outward beauty is the first consideration, and Titian's *Earthly and Heavenly Love*, though no one knows its meaning, will ever remain a great work of art. It is here that Mr. Longfellow fails. His picture is too bare an allegory, in which, despite occasional glimpses of beauty and a good deal of careful painting, the moralist has overpowered the artist.

The foreign pictures in the Art Club Exhibition, among them a very glowing Ziem, must be left unnoticed, for want of space.

G. P. LATHROP.

## II.—BLACK AND WHITE.

SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB, NEW YORK.

(OPENED JANUARY 19. CLOSED JANUARY 31.)



A NATIVE OF MONHEGAN.

By M. J. BURNS. — FROM THE ARTIST'S OWN SKETCH.

THE public has testified its interest in the rather new form of entertainment here provided for it more generously this year than ever before. The simplicity and directness of the means employed commend themselves to general appreciation, and perhaps also, as the aim is so much simpler than in color, it is more often realized. Colorists of genuine excellence are in fact somewhat rare, and, if we may be invited to a feast of all the other picturesque qualities,—design, story, decorative effect, agreeable distribution of masses, and play of light and shade,—while striving for the last and most subtle form of perfection alone is omitted, it is not always an occasion for regret, but in many cases quite the contrary. There cannot, unfortunately, be founded upon this, however, an argument for the superiority of the incapables in color; since, while they certainly do show to their best advantage here, it is the colorists who get the most delicate grays, the most agreeable relations, the most extensive range of possibilities in short, out of the simpler material as well as the more complicated. It is such men as R. Swain Gifford, Blum, Murphy, Muhrman, J. D. Smillie, G. F. Shelton, Church, Reinhart, Kappes, who show to such excellent advantage at the Exhibition in parallel progress at the Academy of Design, that really shine.

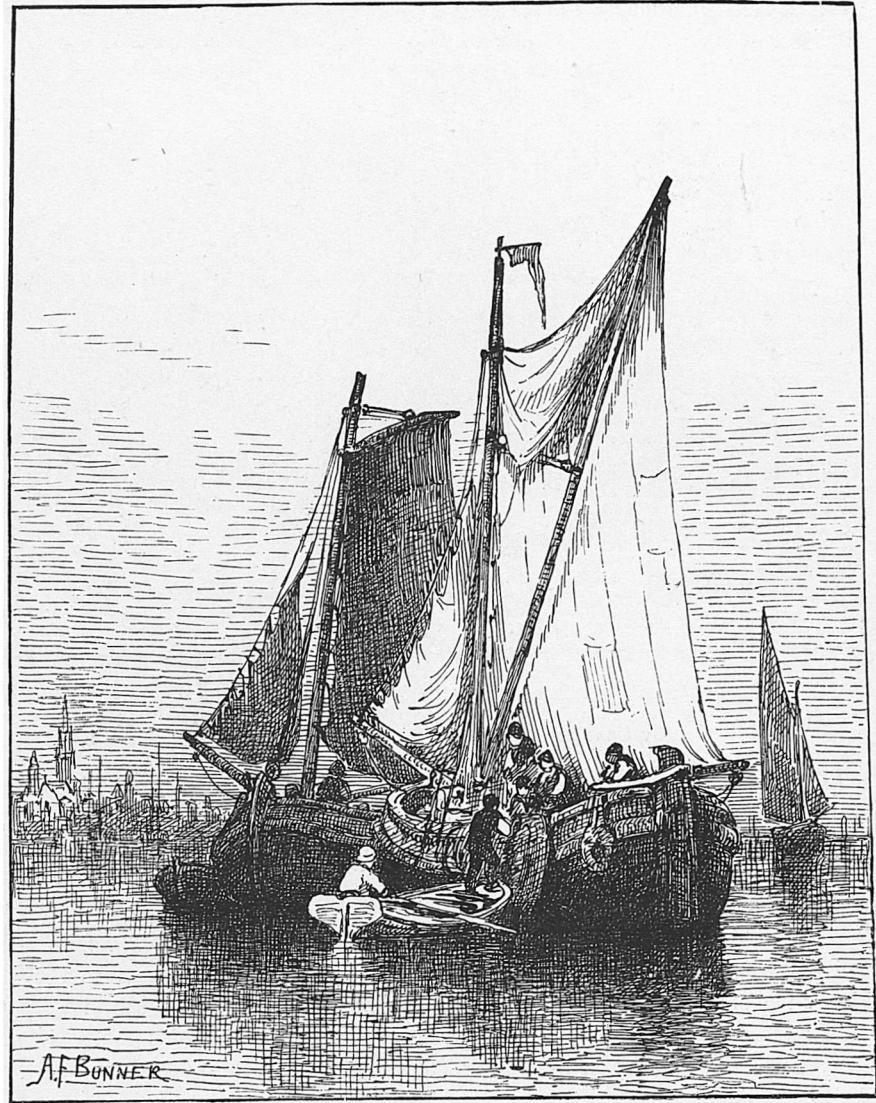
One is pleasantly surprised to find

how little monotony there need be even within the apparently narrow limitations of a black and white exhibition. "Black and white" is not construed so as to exclude the browns, and even some delicate tinting in actual colors, as in Bridgeman's *Coquette*, Gregory's pretty *Truant*, and Lungren's *Snake Rail Fence*. Crayon, charcoal, pencil, stump and wash, on plain and tinted papers, and oil pigment on canvas, give each its own variety of texture, and even the genuine blacks — lamp-black, blue-black, ivory-black — have their distinct characteristics of tone. The most agreeable effect, in these last and in *gouache*, seems to be secured by warming the over-frigid black, as first laid on, with a slight glazing of brown.

A considerable part of this Exhibition is made up of the originals of views which have appeared through wood-engraving in various periodicals. The slight loss of novelty involved in this is more than compensated by the opportunity for a comparative estimate of the two forms. The wood blocks seem almost microscopic, and one regrets that there could not be pages of a size to accommodate so much

striking work in somewhat nearer its natural proportions. A lesser part is the summer sketches and preparatory work of the artists for important pictures. It would be desirable could there be much more of this, since it is a department of unflinching interest, into which the public is afforded too rare glimpses.

There is a strong disposition, which is to be noted as the leading tendency of the Exhibition, and something of a novelty in art as a principle, to make pictures in black and white, not as preliminary to something else, but for their own sake. It arises naturally out of their careful preparation for reproduction under the new order of illustration. Numerous examples are shown, in oil pigments, — which, owing to their flexibility and completeness of range, have been largely increasing in favor with illustrators of late, — and with all the elaboration usually bestowed upon important works in color. It may well enough be that amateurs of painting will be glad to have a few specimens of this kind to hang up in interiors, where coolness and lightness are desired, as they might engravings or photographs; but the legitimacy of the practice is to be questioned. Some very good reason for deliberately abstracting the natural hues, and giving us only the pale ghost of a scene, must be found to make it defensible. George Inness, Jr. is the one who carries this innovation farthest. His picture is two feet six by nearly four feet. It represents a country boy trotting a pair of dappled-gray Percheron horses to their stalls, past an apple-tree, near which are agitated geese. The light is focused on the white shirt-sleeve of the rider, and a little white figure, in an ox-wain, coming sharply against a clump of dark foliage in the distance, repeats it. J. G. Brown's boat-load of fishermen resting on their oars, and touched by a gleam through the clouds of a gathering squall, is hardly smaller. Frank Fowler's *Contadina*, with her pitcher, which has gone once too often to the well, and his very attractive



DUTCH BOATS ON THE RIVER SCHELDT.

BY A. F. BUNNER. — FROM THE ARTIST'S OWN SKETCH.



OAK AND WATER-WILLOW.

BY CHARLES H. MILLER. — FROM THE ARTIST'S OWN SKETCH.

scape in which they are put is not at all Oriental; and a strong, well-managed pose in the central figure of Gregory's *Sunday Morning*, in which the body of a young man is extended, very much foreshortened, in an easy-chair, while his head and arm are stretched back towards an opening door.

Redwood's very notable views of the bicyclists, from the February *Scribner's*; Abbey's *Saint Agnes Eve*; the two meetings of the Salmagundi Club, by Low and Share respectively; Burns's *Hand-Cart off to the Wreck*; Pyle's *Preparing for Highwaymen*; Jessie Curtis's *Fruit Mission* (she is an artist whose specialty is angels and children, and who does them both a justice, promising subjects as they are, they do not often get); and Blum's two studies — of a dead monk, *Brother Phillips*, and monks in a crypt, *They pushed him in* — attract chief attention among the magazine illustrations. Blum uses his material — sepia and heavily-loaded white, on tinted paper — in an especially painter-like way, and refuses to accede to any theory that in default of color there need be more violent contrasts, in black and white, to bring out the meaning. If he has a fund of the same kind of vigorous and dignified inventions here displayed to draw upon, he should take a very high rank as an illustrator in the future.

Kappes presents some of his peculiar character studies strongly in the simplest washes. Bunner shows that Venice and the Scheldt can be rendered very creditably, without either reds, blues, or yellows. Miller makes drawings, in thick washes of burnt sienna and scrawly pen-lines, of a richly picturesque effect; and Shirlaw others with a pen only, which splutters, digs into the paper, and blots, with little apparent effort, but decidedly interesting effect.

Subjects of many kinds are essayed; but if any general deduction may be drawn from the display, it is that those are considered the most suitable for black and white which are the nearest to it themselves. Thus the most popular themes by a large majority are those "effects" in nature in which large masses of dark are silhouetted impressively against a bright sky; — late twilights, where everything below is dark and half-dark already, and only a few bars of crimson and orange need to be transmuted into white; and then, at the other end of the day, the early morning, the Corot hour, when sky and water and the tender greens of vegetation are so near to gray that the transition requires but the slightest effort. George F. Shelton, Wiggins, F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Oakey, Dennis, Bolles, Roorbach, and Robinson exemplify one or the other of these very acceptably. None of them has met with better success than J. Francis Murphy, in his three landscapes, in oil. They are conceived, like his water-color work at the Academy, in the simple French manner, but by no means with a servility of imitation. One is a morning effect, the two others are evening effects. The former is but a level field, with a thin shrub or two, melting into the sky; the latter have somewhat dense copses, in addition, in the middle distance. Out of these elements, sombre in the one case and gray and softly luminous in the other, he produces a genuine mystery and poetry.

W. H. BISHOP.

head of a bushy-haired, dark Italian model, are carefully finished pictures again, and have nothing in common with sketches. There is bold character in Burns's *Steering for Home*, and *Native of Monhegan*; a comical earnestness in Share's aged negroes listening to a sermon; a nice feeling for tenderness of light in McCutcheon and J. Z. Wood, and for breezy motion in Maynard's *Fortuna*; vigorous action in Lauber's tigers, although the land-